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THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

Articles on Europe
Missionary Letters

Published monthly except July and August
by the
AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP
1213 N. Franklin Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Come, Thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us;
Let us find our rest in Thee.

Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

—*Charles Wesley.*

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1935

WITH THE TITLE

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FOR CHRISTIAN [illegible] AND EVANGELIZATION

Fellowship — *Christian Testimony* — *Evangelization*

1 John 1:3 — John 20:21-23 — Romans 10:13-15

Matt 28:19

Organ: "Keep with Me, My Lord, While Fellowship in Prayer and in Ministry"

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP FOR CHRISTIAN AWARENESS AND EVANGELIZATION

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3. To [illegible] Jewish in their own language.
4. To encourage the circulation and study of God's Word.
5. To [illegible] Christian literature among Russian-speaking people in Europe and elsewhere.
6. To [illegible] Christian [illegible] in the Soviet Union in particular.

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1213 North Franklin Street **Philadelphia, Penna.**

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This magazine is not backed by any church organization or religious denomination. It is published solely to spread missionary information concerning Central and Eastern Europe and to provide spiritual food for its readers. Christian friends subscribing for it help to make it more nearly self-supporting and thus aid the work in general. Prompt renewal of your subscription when it expires will be appreciated.

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We shall be thankful for names and addresses of Christian friends, to whom we may send sample copies of the magazine. We appreciate your sympathetic co-operation with us.

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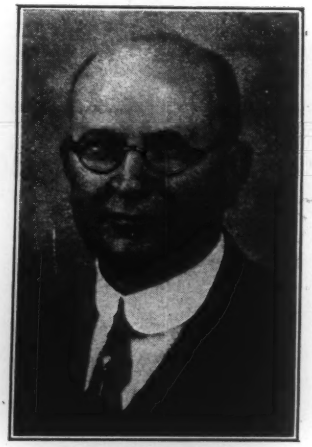
DEVOTIONAL AND EDITORIAL

Christmas

By Dr. H. A. Ironside

Pastor of Moody Church, Chicago



Dr. H. A. Ironside

It may seem unfortunate that the name by which the yearly anniversary of Christ's birth is celebrated should be of such definite papal origin. Protestants do not celebrate Christ's Mass or any other kind of mass. But the original meaning of the term has, with most, been long since lost sight of, and we simply think of Christmas as expressing what to many of us is one of the most delightful of all occasions, the time when our minds go back to Bethlehem and our hearts are softened as we think of God's great gift to a needy world. The tiny fingers of the Babe of the Manger have unlocked the doors of hearts that have been tightest shut to the needs and sorrows of others round about them. Hence Christmas has become the synonym for a kindliness and a merriment based upon reconciliation with God through incarnation and redemption. This is very different, of course, from mere worldly jollity, into which, alas, the celebration of Christmas so often degenerates. How utterly incongruous it is for godless worldlings to celebrate the advent of the Saviour whom they reject, by drinking and carousing and in other carnal ways!

We do not know exactly the day when Christ was born, nor is it important that we should. Had it been so, we may depend upon it, our God would have given us that information. But, from early days, Christians have united in recognizing some special day in the fall or winter of the year as commemorating His nativity. The day has changed in different lands and among the different peoples. But the thought back of it remains the same. The Son of God has come to earth laden with blessing for a needy world, and in His name and because we love and honor Him we loosen up our purse-strings and gladly seek to contribute to the joy and comfort of others.

Of all secular writers, Charles Dickens deserves most of the credit for the cheerful celebration of Christmas among English speaking peoples. He has taught us to look with disgust upon the selfish, unregenerated Scrooge and all his kind, while delighting in free, hearty, willing service to those in distress, and joyous gift-giving to the family circle, and to others, so far as our means will allow.

The Christian, it seems to me, should avoid a mere exchange of presents and a commercializing of the Christmas season. He should seek to use this occasion, as all others, for the glory of our Lord, and as a means of witnessing for Him. Surely at this time of the year, as in fact at every other time, the words of Holy Scripture ought to be impressed upon our hearts; "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him" (Eph. 3:17).

To the Lord's people comes the special opportunity of helping to make Christmas a time of great encouragement in the Sunday School, in missionary circles, and in other groups of the church, by putting a reemphasis upon the blessedness of giving the gospel to a needy world. Men are dying in their sins in the lands beyond the sea, dying in utter ignorance of all that Bethlehem and Calvary mean. It is ours to give to them the priceless message that has meant so much to us.

Thus we shall truly enjoy a Holy and Happy Christmas and enter upon a New Year fraught with richest blessing.

O Come to My Heart, Lord Jesus!

Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown,
When Thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room
For Thy holy nativity.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,
And in great humility.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

The foxes found rest, and the birds their nest
In the shade of the forest tree;
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word,
That should set Thy people free;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
Thy cross is my only plea.

When heaven's arches ring, and her choirs shall sing
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for thee."
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me.

—*Emily E. S. Elliott.*

Be Ye Thankful

By Pastor Herbert Hogg

ONE of the characteristics of the last days is that, mixed in with "a form of godliness but denying the power thereof," there will be unthankfulness (2 Tim. 3:1). Then again, when the Holy Spirit outlines the downward course of men, away from God, it is said, "neither were thankful" (Rom. 1:21).

With this in mind, it behooves God's children to walk their pilgrim pathway with gratitude in their hearts. Like the one leper who, when healed, turned to Jesus, "giving Him thanks" (Luke 17:17), may we give thanks to God, "who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light" (Col. 1:12).

Since we are not only compassed about with trial and difficulty, but also with the mercies and deliverances of God, let us cultivate the thankful spirit. In whatsoever state we are, let us therewith be content (Phil. 4:11). Beware of developing, amid life's experiences, a cold, cynical attitude. If you do, it will bring a "root of bitterness" into your life, and you and others will become defiled (Heb. 12:15). The best way to avoid this condition is to be thankful.

A motto seen by a missionary in a home in China was "Try Thanksgiving." This had been missing in his experience. He tried it. The cloud and bondage of his life lifted.

God grant that Christian young people may not only know a well-thumbed Bible and a well-kept trysting place of prayer, but also a well-tuned harp of praise and thanksgiving.

AN OUTSTANDING book and one much needed in these times is Dr. Gaebelein's "Conflict of the Ages," now in sixth edition. Helpful for your reading and for passing on to your friends. $1.00 postpaid. Order from Fellowship Office.

More Baptisms

By B. Bajko (Poland)

IT IS the desire of my heart to share with you the joy and blessings we experienced in the village of Powit, September 21st and 22d, 1935. When another brother and I reached this village on Saturday night, we found the meeting house overcrowded. There were brethren and sisters who had walked over thirty miles to come to the meeting. With what joy we entered the meeting house! They were singing the wonderful hymn, "The Precious Time the Lord Has Given Us." It surely was a precious time of joy as we worshiped the Lord together.

The Russian Orthodox priest of the Powit parish was at the meeting also, as well as a missionary of the Russian Catholic Church. Being grieved that we teach the people and preach repentance, baptism, and resurrection from the dead, they came and wanted to disturb our gospel meetings and to dissuade those who were prepared to enter into a covenant with the Lord through water baptism. They suddenly started a dispute on the subject of infant baptism, but, being defeated in their argument, they left the meeting. This short dispute gave great encouragement, not only to our new converts but also to the Russian Orthodox people and the atheists, to search after the gospel truth.

On the following day our joy was indescribable. In a great procession we walked three miles to the river, where we baptized fourteen souls. Having returned to the meeting house, we administered the Lord's Supper. During this service, several persons came forward and gave themselves to the Lord. The Heavenly Father and the angels rejoiced together with us over these penitent sinners.

The work in the field of God in Polesie is very hard, but the fruit is abundant. What a joy to recall the words of the Apostle Paul: "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

We ask you all to pray for the Lord's work in Polesie.

KNOW RUSSIA OF TODAY

"With Christ in Soviet Russia"

READ of the Russian church in prison, exile, and martyrdom, yet unified, purified, and multiplied. The author, Prof. Vladimir Martzinkovski, says, "The greatest catastrophe of world history took place in Russia." Translated into seven languages. 364 pages. $1.25 per copy, postpaid. May be ordered from office of the Fellowship, 1213 North Franklin Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

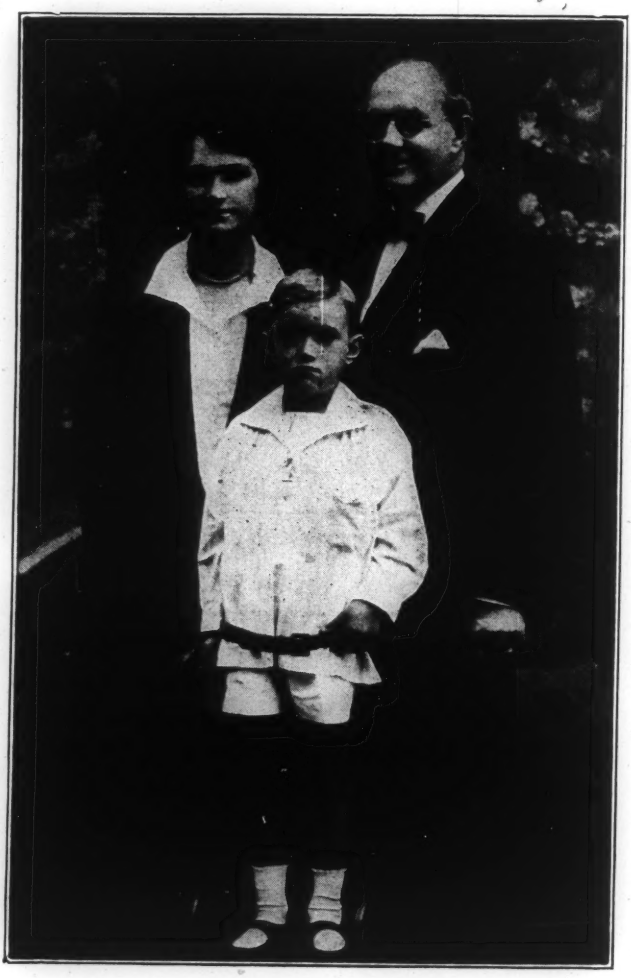
"Little Is Much If God Is In It"

By Mrs. R. W. Hill

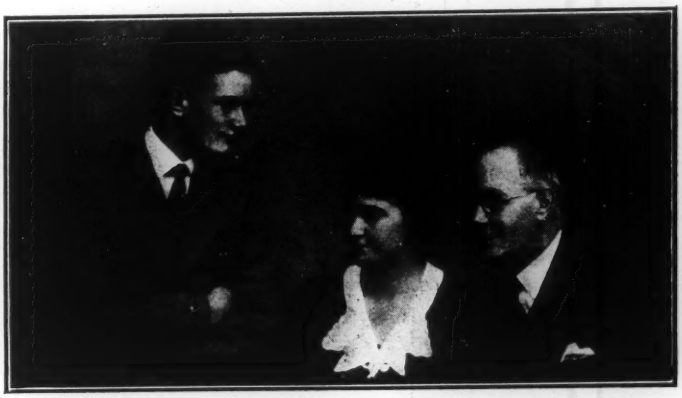
I WANT to try to give you a word picture of our sojourn in this "far-away land," as you call it. We live, move, and have our being in the faithful God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and never once has He failed us. To give you a record of the details of our sixteen years here would require a volume beyond my ability to write, but I will, with the Lord's help, let you take peeps at us occasionally as we travel along, and to satisfy your curiosity I will try to remember as many of the little things as possible.

During the first four years, Mr. Hill devoted his whole time to doing evangelistic work. We were mostly among the German Swabs and Saxons in Transilvania and Bessarabia. In both places I was greatly handicapped because of the language. While learning to speak German and understand Swabish, I learned many other lessons, which my Lord knew would profit me more than the language. I learned a bit of patience, for one thing. In those early days we had one furnished room and kitchen. The room boasted of a box-bed, table, and two very weak chairs. These were antiques, relics of a bygone generation. The bed looked like an old-fashioned bureau with one large drawer. At night we pulled out the drawer, and there was our double bed. We called it "Der Floh Kasten" (the flea box), for no amount of scrubbing, cleaning, or anointing with various disinfectants discouraged that black army of tiny sand fleas that crept up on us for their midnight feast.

Often, after a restless night, some troubled soul who had been at the meeting the night before would come in the early hours of the morning to inquire more closely of "The Way." Here visitors seldom



The Hills in the Early Days



THE HILL FAMILY IN 1935

come direct to the business in hand. Why should they? Life moves in a different trend in Europe. It was not unusual for them to ask me, first of all, if my teeth were my own, or if I had gotten them cheap in America. Then my person, personal belongings, family, and the contents of the house, were gone into minutely, until my visitor knew more about me, my family, and my affairs than I knew myself, for they were quick to supply that which I failed to advance. One had to be careful not to offend, for the great question of salvation would soon be broached, yet I often felt as I fancy Jonah must have felt about Nineveh and the Ninevites. Then I heard the still small voice recalling me to my senses: "Ye have need of patience." "Yes, Lord, forgive. I have come all the way across the 'pond' to teach that which I first must learn."

It was in Transilvania, among the Saxons, that Dick was born. He came to us at a time when the Lord knew that he was most needed—a sweet, roly-poly, lovely baby boy, bringing joy and happiness to us and others. The villagers thought it a terrible neglect on my part not to have wrapped him up in a feather pillow, with yards and yards of tape bound around it. As a result, Dick was a target for old and young. He was examined and inspected by doctors, nurses, school children, lawyers, and peasants, and all gave the same verdict: "He will grow up with a deformed back or crooked legs." But, as the days, weeks, and months passed and my darling grew and developed into a fine, straight-legged little chap, folks began to change their opinion of Americans. Perhaps, after all, they know a little something about babies!

In Bessarabia, Dick learned Swabish faster than I did, and took to things in general like a native born. We lived in the southern part of Bessarabia in a village named Borodino. It was centrally located for Mr. Hill, and from there he traveled hundreds of miles to the surrounding villages, preaching the gospel of Christ. The traveling was done in the farm wagons found there, with just a board for a seat, and when it was very cold one added a little straw for the feet. In every village there was a beautiful Lutheran church, but hundreds of its members were dissatisfied and had formed meetings outside of the church, where they gathered together to read the Word and pray. They are generally known as "The Church Brethren." It was among these hungry Lutherans that Mr. Hill was so greatly and fruitfully used of God.

In Borodino there were four of these meetings, and it was there that I lived through some strange experiences. The women there wear native costume—full skirts, with short jackets, and kerchiefs for head dress. The styles never change. Granddaughter can quite nicely wear Grandma's clothes, if they fit, and be sweet and pretty to meet her young man, should he happen along. I appeared in their midst as a seven-days' wonder. My clothes, especially my hat, caused a sensation, and, as I look back now, I can see that it would. It was one of those dish-pan shapes, with a jaunty little bow of ribbon on its left side. In the springtime of its life, it had been an acknowledged thing of beauty, but time and tide had left its mark upon my poor hat. My hair, too, had become a little thinner, causing a misfit. One look in the mirror brought forth peals of laughter from Dick and myself, thus helping to keep us both sweet.

The first meeting I attended in Borodino will long be remembered. It was a large room and packed to overflowing, the men on one side and the women on the other, all eager to hear what the evangelist had to say. As I entered the room, a hush fell on

the crowd—you could have heard a pin drop. All eyes were riveted on my hat, and there they stayed until my husband's musical voice attracted their attention and pointed them to the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world. After we got better acquainted, the female population of Borodino examined and tried on my hat, mostly setting it very gingerly on top of their herchiefs. During our two years' stay there, my hat remained a thing of attraction.

My husband was away from home a great deal, but my work was near at hand. Our village had no doctor, and it soon got noised around that I had been a nurse. Folks came from near and far to tell me about their aches and pains. Often I was enabled, by God's grace, to help them with some simple remedy.

Occasionally I had a women's meeting, usually on a holiday, when the women were free to come. Sometimes as many as 150 came together. Those were times of testing for me. At the first meeting, I did not know the language well enough to trust myself to read, so in my broken German I told them about the love of Christ, how He loved them and died for them. If some among them could read a little, they never offered to do so, in answer to my invitation, but most of them just cried the whole time. I learned later that all any of them had understood of what I said was, "Christ Jesus loves you." That was all they needed, just God's beautiful, warm love to enter into their lives and hearts to comfort them, for theirs was a hard, loveless life, all work and no play. Many a weary woman told me she was just waiting for death to relieve her. Often I had the great joy of seeing a softened, peaceful smile light up a troubled, careworn face, after a season of prayer with them, and eternity alone will reveal those who were truly born again.

Bessarabia is a wonderful wheat-producing land, the soil needing no fertilizer. But over against this asset there is a lack of timber, so there is no wood for the housewife, and incidentally, no coal, gas or electricity! After all, what is that when there is plenty of straw and manure? All manure piles are spread out in the spring to dry, then cut up into bricks and piled up for further drying. By fall, every family has a winter's supply of fuel, and some have enough to sell. You pay as much for a load of manure-cakes in Bessarabia as we pay in other parts of Roumania for a load of good wood. The heating stoves are built-in affairs and are fed from the kitchen. The cook stoves are made of mud bricks, fashioned like a big box stove. The iron plate on top has one hole and into this fits a great iron kettle. If one is skilled in the art of cooking, you can fry, roast, and stew in the same kettle, to say nothing of soup. To make the fire requires patience, tact, love of the artistic, and victory over all smells. After you have successfully burned up one hundred pounds of straw, it should leave embers enough for the manure-cakes to catch, but if not, you start all over again.

In my kitchen, I watered the manure-cakes more than once with my tears, only to find that I had added injury to hurt. Then, when the windows of heaven were opened on my behalf and One like unto the "Son of man" stood beside me, I learned that "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." While preparing my "Irish stew," my mind often pictured some of my dear American friends coming home after a day's outing to prepare a three-course dinner in half an hour, on their lovely gas or electric ranges, supplies being taken from well-stocked pantry shelves of canned goods. I saw them going about their beautiful kitchens sweetly singing "Rescue the Perishing," but little dreaming what "Rescue the Perishing" really means. If you could have stepped over into Bessarabia, when the Irish stew was served, and heard the Hill trio sing, "Come and dine, the Master calleth, come and dine; you may feast at Jesus' table all the time," the little native servant girl joining in, you would realize that "the blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it."

Political conditions were unfavourable at that time for the foreigner in Bessarabia, and Mr. Hill suffered no little inconvenience, but he kept at it until he felt his work there was done. Then it was that we were definitely led of the Lord to work in the Bucovina. We located in Siret, and there, for over eleven years, we tended and watched over the flock, which has grown from fifteen to well over a thousand. In almost every village there is either a small assembly or a few believers who meet together for prayer and reading of the Word. "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." Truly, all the glory belongs to Him, for

He planted the missionary spirit in the hearts of the first converts and each one went out to tell someone else about the new found joy. Thus, the gospel has spread, and is still spreading, in Roumania.

Dick went to school in Siret for six years, so he became quite a little Roumanian. When he was in the kindergarten, his teacher one day asked me what Dick ate for breakfast. When I told her that he usually had a dish of cream of wheat, a soft boiled egg, bread and butter, and a glass of milk, she was amazed and said, "No doubt that is why he is so bright and alive, while the other children seem dull and tired." She also said that Dick was the only child she knew who ate a breakfast at home, that the other children came with a large piece of bread and ate it at odd moments in the class room. Even her own little girl never tasted food in the morning.

Once a friend wrote and asked me about beds. As Siret and the surrounding villages can boast of a variety, and I have had the privilege of sleeping in a number of them, I shall tell you something about them. Of course, as in all countries, there are long, short, hard, and soft beds. The Roumanian peasant has what they call a "pridjka." It is a wide board nailed on a side wall, supported by two front legs. It serves as a bench during the daytime, and at night the family take off their fur coats, roll them up for a pillow, kick off their boots, cover themselves with a rag carpet, and sleep stretched out on the "pridjka," all ready for work at 4 or 5 A. M., as the case may be. It's not much trouble to pull on the boots!

The Germans have feather beds, both top and bottom. One not used to feathers finds them very uncomfortable because of the excessive heat. Once, when I was with Mr. Hill on a trip to the villages and the meeting ended much later than we expected it would, we were taken to friends near the meeting to sleep. The good man and his wife, who had been in bed for over an hour, got up and gave us their bed just as it was, all nice and warm. Did we sleep? Hardly, but we did have a good Turkish bath! In many of the peasant homes, the children sleep on the cook stoves. The stoves, being made of brick, retain the heat and one needs very little covering.

Siret has really become home to me, and I love the people among whom I have labored so long. I started a Sunday-school the first year there. For the first three months there were only two children, then five, and gradually it grew to thirteen. Today we number seventy with five graded classes. The workers in the Sunday-school today have all been trained from the first class. There is Misui, a lad of 22, a barber by trade, converted in the Sunday-school ten years ago. Today he is the superintendent. Then, there is Elsie, who eleven years ago was a timid young girl. She was converted soon after we met her. After being in the Sunday-school herself as a child, she is now one of our best teachers. Then, there are Joenl, Gretl, and Constintine, who are helping. These were all members of the first class and were all trained in the Sunday-school. Several of the older boys, now baptized members, are away from home, working and witnessing for Christ.

Dick was converted at the early age of five. We sent him to England to school when he was eleven and a half years old. After a year in England, he came home and was baptized here. This made a great impression on some of the men, for Dick was the youngest person baptized in the Siret assembly, and he has been an encouragement to many. He is, as you know, still in England in school, but he comes home once a year during the summer holidays. God has greatly blessed us in this way, for many dear missionary parents are separated from their children for years at a time.

One of the greatest joys of Siret has been to see our fondest hopes partly realized. During the past year, God has enabled us, by His grace, to commence building a house for His honor and glory. The assembly has grown so large that a suitable building to accommodate the congregation is difficult to find. One large enough is usually cold and damp, or dark and impossible to heat. Long we prayed about the matter. Would it be wise to build? Could we find a suitable building site? Could we get the funds needed? Daily we spread this out before the Lord, our faithful God, asking Him to guide us and give His token of approval.

There was a beautiful piece of ground not far from our little home. We passed by it almost daily, and each time we thought, "How wonderful if we could build here!" Often I was led to pray, "Lord, with Thee all things are possible." We had been told that the lady to whom this property

belonged would not sell under any conditions. However, depressions, or hard times, are not really American owned. In time they reached this wealthy Siret lady, and one day, a little over a year ago, when I was in the market, a woman came up to me and said, "Mrs. Hill, Mrs. R. has sent me to ask you if your assembly would not like to buy a piece of ground for a building. We have heard that you want to build a church and we offer the land at such and such a price." Imagine my surprise and joy, for it was the same piece of land our longing eyes and faithless hearts had hoped for. I literally almost ran my legs off to get home with the good news to my husband, who was as surprised as I was. As I entered our own little gate, I realized that there was no money in hand and a payment must be made at once if we were to have the land. So I said, "Lord, here is the land, but where is the money?" "Oh, ye of little faith!" How often we need to be dismissed on the spot, without notice, as unworthy servants, and yet how patient is our God with us!

The matter was brought before the church by my good husband, and an offering was taken; also, a piece of farm land left to the assembly a few years ago was sold. But still there was not enough money to buy the land. Then, as the clouds began to gather and doubts assail, we received a letter from a dear friend from whom we had not heard for a number of years. In the letter was a check for $50.00. This made the purchase possible. Within twenty-four hours, Mr. Hill made the first payment, and we began the plans and arrangements for building. A dear friend and brother in Christ, in England, made us a loan of one hundred and twenty pounds, a few gifts have come in from other sources, all the dear members of Siret and surrounding assemblies are making all possible sacrifices, and God has added His blessing. In April, work began in earnest. The laying of the foundation stone marked a glad day in our lives.

For a long time, Mr. Hill has had a burden on his heart for Cernauti, the capital of the Bucovina, about 25 miles from Siret. Six or seven years ago, he went in every week for a day or two. During the summer months, he visited the parks and gave out tracts; in the winter months, he visited houses and also sent tracts through the mail. In this way, almost every house in Cernauti received a message of love. Brother Schnapp, who is associated with us, prayed for two years that we might move our residence to the city, and at last we felt definitely led of the Lord to do so. It means that we now spend most of our time and effort among the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and they are now ready to receive the good news.

It is a strange experience for me, after my eleven years among the peasant class. At first I wondered how I could adjust myself to the new circumstances, but, remembering Moses and his forty years with the flocks on the mountain side, I took heart. It was there that God prepared him for his future work in Egypt, and when he was called it was with the promise, "I will be with thee." As I see God's hand leading us now, I realize that the time spent in Siret was the preparation for Cernauti, for there we were trained, by His grace, mellowed and softened and made fit for the service here. After all, we are only a few miles away and we see each other real often. Mr. Hill or I go out every month, and the workers often come in on their bicycles. We have left behind us two well-trained, consecrated young men, who are now able to go on with the work in Siret where we left off. Of course, Mr. Hill still has the oversight, but gradually we hope to see them standing alone, for we feel that our years are slowly but surely drawing to a close. We are, as you know, no longer young, and my dear husband's health is very poor. The building is Siret is going on nicely, but it will not be finished this year, as there is still a lack of funds.

We have rented a lovely place here in Cernauti for a gospel work, and have had it painted and decorated. Already goodly numbers are coming, mostly Jews, except on Sundays, when the hall is partly filled with Germans and quite a few Roumanians. Brother Schnapp holds his meetings on Thursday nights; Sunday morning we have the "Lord's Table;" Sunday evening, a mixed congregation for evangelistic service.

I feel the need of special wisdom, gentleness, and grace in order to be of real service among the Jewish women. Many are interested, and ever so many are reading the Word. Opportunity's door is wide open. May God grant that much fruit be gathered for His Kingdom!

We have a young Jewish convert helping us on Sundays. He is greatly interested in young people

and children. We have started a Sunday-school here, also, and now have two fair-sized classes. Saturday evenings we meet for teachers' study hour. We use the international lessons, as we did so many years in Siret. It would be nice if some one could send us a few of the small picture cards. The children enjoy them so much.

Thank you, dear friends, for all the help that you have been to us in the past years, and may I beg you to continue to hold us up in prayer. If, at any time, you are able to send along a few tracts or New Testaments in the German language, for the Jews in this part of the world, we would be very glad.

In closing, I want to mention the faithfulness and love of the dear Moody Church of Chicago. Throughout all the years of our service in this land, they have been back of us with their prayers, their love, and their gifts. Without this force behind us, we would have failed many times. May God bless them and reward them!

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY IN HUNGARY

By Eugene Nagy

EVERY phase of my Christian activity here is proceeding satisfactorily. The preaching of the Word, followed by distribution of Scriptural literature, the sacred song service among the children, open air meetings among the farmers in outlying agricultural districts, are but a small part of this blessed program.

Thank the Lord, the harvest is plenteous in my work among the children. The sacred musical service, prayer, and a brief address to the children make these gatherings most helpful gospel meetings. Your hearts would rejoice to see new groups of boys and girls now coming to these services.

We have a colony of gypsies here in town, and I had a real heart-to-heart talk with a young man of their group yesterday about full salvation in Jesus Christ. Our conversation was a blessed one. The young gypsy was touched, and I arranged with him to speak of the love of Christ among his companions and thus prepare the way for my coming to them shortly with the gospel.

Blessed fruits are in evidence as a result of my Christian publication, "A Dying World of Men!" of which a thousand copies were published and mailed all over Hungary. I have retained but eight copies, and these are being constantly asked for and loaned to be read and studied. A devoted Christian young man, who read this publication and returned it to me yesterday, informed me that large groups of men have asked that the book be read to them. In addition to this, a young Christian writes from a distant town that large gatherings of miners have made a similar request of him.

Dear friends, men and women are hungering for the Word, and the harvest would be plenteous, but earnest, faithful laborers are very few. Do pray the Lord of the harvest to send true, devoted laborers into His harvest! I had a conference recently with a few Christian brethren, and I suggested a plan for a preaching tour, which is something quite new here, though not in America. My thought was to secure a wagon, a portable organ, and a few singers, and drive from village to village, holding gospel services and preaching salvation through Jesus Christ. I feel that this is greatly needed here. I am sure the seed would fall on splendid ground and enter many good, honest hearts. The plan at first seemed strange to these Christian friends, but they soon became quite interested in it. Of course, we shall need funds, but with the Lord's help we hope to carry it through.

Will you not, dear Christian friends, join me in asking the Lord for His keeping and upholding and directing me in every detail of my life and work, so that it may redound to His glory, through Jesus Christ, whom we all serve in blessed Christian fellowship. Satan sometimes harasses me through such as call themselves Christians, but my work goes ahead in the strength of the Lord, "for the love of Christ constraineth me." Remember me and my work at the throne of grace.

HOME AGAIN

By Edwin E. Jacques

The Lord ordered things perfectly for our homecoming. The trip was somewhat tiresome and long, with the baby, but we were glad to have escaped the violent storm of these last few days—we would have been sicker than we were.

About a dozen of our immediate relatives were at the pier to meet us—you can imagine our joy. We are now somewhat adjusted here in Lowell and are laying plans for our months in the homeland.

A Cry For Revival

By Philip Manetz (Poland)

BLESSED be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ."

Everywhere we go we meet utter spiritual poverty, ignorance, religious superstition, heartaches, groanings, and tears. The works of the devil are fully manifested on every hand. Men do not fear God any more and they are not ashamed to do the greatest wickedness openly. "And even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind, to do those things which are not convenient" (Rom. 1:28–32).

As usual, there is much bitter opposition against the truth of God everywhere. It is not difficult to meet "scoffers walking after their own lusts." They do not hesitate for a minute to blaspheme the truth of God and proudly reject the gospel of grace, but willingly accept and believe every damnable lie of Satan. How blessedly the Holy Scriptures confirm this fact: "And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. For everyone that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved" (John 3:19–20).

This is the principal reason why men do not want to read the Bible—"because their deeds are evil." The Bible exposes the condition of man's heart. It "is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?" Thus men willingly turn away from the truth. "And ye will not come to me, that ye might have life" (John 5:24, 39–40). And "because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved—for this cause shall God send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie: that they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness" (2 Thess. 2:10–12). What a fearful warning! How we thank God for His loving kindness and mercy which He showed to us by delivering us from the power of the devil, and from the company of scoffers such as those mentioned above and with whom we are surrounded on every hand. "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God? . . . And such were some of you: but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God" (1 Cor. 6:9–11). Therefore, by greatly appreciating the grace of God, "what manner of persons ought ye (we) to be in all holy living and godliness?" (2 Pet. 3:11. R. V.)

On the other hand, there is some good. Everywhere, in the midst of the rebels, you will find receptive hearts, who gladly listen to the gospel of grace and willingly receive the Lord Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour. Praise God! This is the bright side of the story. This is what gives us courage to pray and to work, knowing, first of all, from our personal experience, that "the gospel of

Group at Gospel Meeting

Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth" (Rom. 1:16). And then, we have the living products of the gospel among us, who themselves testify of the power of the gospel in their own lives, to the glory of God. Thus we go forward in confidence and faith, rejoicing in the service of the Lord, and knowing that our "labor is not in vain in the Lord" (1 Cor. 15:58).

In the early summer we had a baptismal service in the village of Stryhaniec. Twelve persons were baptized in the water, according to the Word of God, and united with us in Christian fellowship. In this little company of believers was included my own sister, for whom you have, no doubt, prayed many times. This gives me special reason for joy and thanksgiving to God for answered prayer. Praise God! "Likewise I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth" (Luke 15:10). I still have three brothers living in darkness. Will you please pray for their salvation? (Matt. 18:19).

We read in 1st Samuel, 30th chapter, about David. While he was away with his men, the enemy came and burned the city of Ziklag with fire, carrying the women and children away as captives. David's own people were about to stone him, and he was in great distress. "But David encouraged himself in the Lord his God." He got down to real prayer and soon won the victory. God has given to us many similar examples all through the Bible showing that He hears and answers the prayer of faith "and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him" (Heb. 11:6).

My dear Christian reader, you may have been praying so long for a revival that you are almost discouraged and about to give up. Satan whispers in your ear, saying, "You are just wasting your time. You had better give up your praying and get down to something more real and more practical." But "he is a liar, and the father of it" (John 8:44). Let us learn from David to be encouraged in the Lord our God. Let us get down to the real business of prayer and fasting, and honor our loving God by our faith in His Word. Continue to faithfully plead the precious Blood of Christ as the ground for our victory (Rev. 12: 11; 1 John 1: 7). God will answer the prayer of faith and pour out the mighty Spirit of promise upon the church of God. We believe these are the last days of grace and "the coming of the Lord draweth nigh" (Jas. 5: 8).

"Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things. And blessed be His glorious name forever; and let the whole earth be filled with His glory; Amen, and Amen" (Psalms 72: 18-19).

"Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

"Come as the wind, with rushing sound,
With Pentecostal grace;
And make the great salvation known
Wide as the human race."

LETTER FROM RUSSIA

An aged evangelical preacher, to whom some money has been sent several times from the Relief Fund of the Fellowship, has just written to us as follows:

"I write to you this time from far-away Central Asia, to which place I have been banished from Moscow by the Soviet authorities. I have been here about eight months. I traveled 5,000 kilometers. It is hard to be separated from my wife, who is in distress. She is 68 years of age and I am 72. I appealed to the government to free me because of my age. I was banished for nothing except preaching the gospel. The Lord has kept me in health, in spite of the fact that malaria is raging all around me. I have to find work to earn my living.

"How are you? Have you any church services? I am interested in the attitude of your people toward religion. Our people here would enjoy preaching services very much, but permission to arrange for meetings is not given. The churches are closed. I live in hope, but it is hard. The Lord keep you and bless you! Please write me about yourself and about God's work."

This dear brother, in questioning us about our life and asking us to write to him, wishes to ask us simply to remember him in our prayers and to help him. He does not feel quite free to ask for help, for in his position this might be dangerous.

"God will always show His will to one who is willing to do it."

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JACOB DILAKOFF, INDEPENDENT MISSIONARY IN RUSSIA

(*Concluded*)

DURING the twelve years that I was unmarried, the agent of the Bible Society had many times asked me to enter their service and sell Scriptures. I was unwilling to do so, for persons willing to sell Scriptures could be found anywhere, while few could be found who would enter the work that I was doing. However, after my marriage, additional responsibilities fell upon me, so that for three and a half years I was in the service of the Bible Society. During those years, by the grace of the Lord, my experiences served as a school to prepare me for my future ministry.

I made a journey with the agent of the Bible Society through Iran (Persia) as far as the ruins of Babylon. This was after the treaty of the Russians with the Turks in November, 1878. On the holy day of the Mohammedans, which they call the Feast of Sacrifice, we returned from Babylon to the city of Kerbela (shrine city of the Mohammedans). They told us that during that year 150,000 native pilgrims, Arabs of every tribe, had travelled the road between Babylon and Kerbela. The next day two riders, who accompanied us on the road, told us that the Arabs thought we were Russians.

As we drew near to the city, every place was filled with pilgrims, who told us we would find no place in the city, either in the caravansaries or in the houses, but that possibly we might be able to stay at the residence of the pasha. When we arrived at his gate, the agent (an Englishman) and the muleteer stood in the street, while I went in to see the pasha. I bowed my head to him, as was the custom, and said, "A representative of the English, whom I am conducting, has now reached this place in his travels. We have been told that there is no place where we can stay except in your house." He told me to bring him in to drink a cup of coffee. I replied, "We are covered with dust from the journey and are not fit to appear in your presence." "You are travelers," he said, "and that will be all right." Then he said to his chief scribe, "They had better stay at your house."

After drinking our coffee with him, the pasha told us we had better change our caps for the red fez, as the Arab sheiks were sometimes rough and paid little heed to authority. He gave us each a fez so that our heads might be reddened by them instead of the Arabs reddening them with our blood. The pasha gave us a band of soldiers to take us around the city, but it was with great dificulty that they were able to open the way through the streets for us. In the holy mosques of the Mohammedans are buried Imam Hassan and Imam Hosein, the sons of Ali, who was son-in-law of Mohammed. For fear of our lives, we looked at these shrines only from a distance. Ali's shrine glittered with gold. The Shiah Mohammedans bring innumerable corpses every year to be buried under these mosques.

In November, 1879, the brethren of a certain village said to their pastor and me, "We will pay your expenses to go to Petersburg to see what kind of religion those big people there have, about whom we have been hearing." We were happy to make the journey. Arriving on a Sunday, we found a number of nobles assembled in the house of M. Paschkoff. They received us as brethren and we marvelled at the divine guidance which had brought us there. Count Bobrinsky, in whose house we were guests one of the ten days of our sojourn there, said, "Now I understand the apostle James when he says: 'But let the brother of low degree glory in his high estate, and the rich in that he is made low.' Behold the marvellous works of God."

While I was working among the Molokans, I heard that there were a great many of that sect living in the city of Blagovechneski, on the river Amur, and I had a great desire to visit them. In 1889 the Baptists chose one of their young men to pay a visit to these Molokans. I suggested that for such a long journey it was not wise to send one man alone, but that two would be better. They said they did not have funds for two. I told them that if they would give me 300 roubles for the journey, I would gladly go.

We started on the 22nd of May and reached Yenisaski in Siberia. As we were ready to embark

on a boat to cross a certain river, I saw travelers on the other side of the river waiting for the boat. Among them was a woman whom I recognized, from the Molokan villages of Samara. I called her by name, saying, "What are you doing here?" She was startled, and replied, "What are *you* doing here?" "Who is that man?" I asked. She said he was a merchant from Blagovechneski. We greeted each other familiarly, as is the custom in the East. When he heard my name, he said, "Praise the Lord that I have met you! I have been hearing about you for a long time through various relatives who live in the villages of Samara." He took us to a caravansary on the other side of the river, where we stayed. When we left, he gave me a letter for his wife and another for a friend in Blagovechneski.

From there we traveled in a post wagon towards the Amur. All the terrors and difficulties which we had anticipated on this journey through Siberia were never realized. After two months of traveling over 9,000 versts (3,000 versts by horse and wagon) we reached Blagovechneski, our destination.

We had agreed that we would ask for a Molokan hotel, where we could stay until we should find a place in some Molokan family, for we did not expect to find anyone there whom we knew. When our boat drew up at the wharf, I went out and asked the first man I met if there was a Molokan hotel in the city. When he heard my name, he said, "You do not need a hotel. We have had a place ready for you for a long time. Three times I have met the boat, looking for you." I asked, in wonder, how they knew we were coming. He replied that the man whom we had met in Yenisaski had sent a telegram to his wife, telling of our coming. All through our journey we had planned to come quietly, lest our plans be interfered with in some way, but all the Molokans had been informed of our coming and were expecting us.

While we were busily talking with one another, we soon arrived at a nearby house and went in. As is the custom of the Molokans, we stood for a moment and prayed. Then, bowing our heads, we said, "Peace to this house." They replied, "Peace on your entrance here." The old man, the head of the family, kissed us, as did his two sons. With tears running down his face, our host said, "The Lord has heard our prayers." Then he asked if I remembered that I had slept in his house, in a village of Samara, seventeen years before, and that the following day they had taken me in their wagon to another village forty versts distant. But I have slept in so many houses that to this day I cannot remember the incident.

I lived with this family for two years, their home being our meeting place all that time. Eight persons from that family were converted by the Holy Spirit and received the ordinance of baptism. During the first two months, other Molokan friends frequently invited us to their homes. The houses were filled with neighbors, who came for prayer, and then supper was served for all. On Sundays we were given freedom to preach in their congregations. They thought they were dwelling so securely in the strong fortress of their faith that our coming among them would have no effect and that nobody would accept the doctrines we were teaching. But when they saw how quickly the little groups were becoming regular evening meetings, they no longer allowed us to preach in their congregations.

During our first ten months there, twenty-two persons were converted by the Spirit of the Lord and received water baptism. After ten months I ordained pastors, preachers, and elders. My companion returned to Russia, intending to bring his family back to live there, but this was not the Lord's will and he did not return to the Amur. I stayed there two years after my companion left and all the doors of the Molokans were opened to me to visit, with the exception of four or five. In fourteen months the Lord added thirty-two souls to His church, making fifty members.

When visiting the homes, I took with me Scriptures to sell. Twice I was cast into prison, once for two days and nights in a village fifty versts away, and again in another village for only a few hours.

After being there for two years, by the goodness of God, I returned to Russia in safety to visit my family and to fulfil my vow to the Lord in regard to my son, who was now fifteen years old. I wanted to send him to a school in America so that he might be prepared to enter the service which after a while I must leave, in Russia or in any place the Lord might choose. In coming to America, although I had no money to pay for his education, I trusted the Lord to prepare the way. Soon after our arrival in America, to all His goodness to me the Lord added this also, that Dr. Gordon and his church became

responsible for the expenses of my son in Mr. Moody's school to the extent of $150 a year.

Progress in the Stundist and Baptist movements among the Russians in Kherson and that neighborhood began about 1862. The Baptist movement among the Molkans of Tiflis began in 1867, and its wide and rapid extension among the Molokans and Stundists, about 1872. At the present time there are Stundists and Baptists in nearly all the provinces of Russia.

At first the Russian priests had no idea that the evangelical doctrine would soon become so firmly rooted. They did not know that their hostility and persecution would not root it up, but would rather help its zealous spread, as has been the experience in all places in the history of Christianity. When the priests saw that humble men, inferior to themselves in position and learning, were, by their good moral lives and their truthfulness, silencing and putting to shame priests and others in high positions, they began their work of hatred and persecution. Men in the employ of the civil authorities had to support them, willingly or unwillingly, in working against God and against humanity.

Men and women were taken before the courts and to prison for their evangelical faith. Some who were weak and fearful turned back, in times of severe persecution; others not only stood firmly for the faith, but fearlessly gave their testimony before rulers and governors, in prisons and in the streets, in the markets and in every place where they found opportunity. They paid fines for not obeying the commands of the government in matters of religion, such as assembling themselves together for prayer and talking to others about the way of salvation, and they were punished in various other ways. Sometimes when a man was fined for holding prayer meetings, he did not have money to pay the fine and had to sell his oxen or horse in order to do so.

Their religious books were taken from them. Twice the police searched my house and took all the religious books except the Bible. Once, after a year, I petitioned that books that were not for selling purposes but for my personal reading be returned to me. The officer angrily drove me from his presence, saying, "You will not get your books. If you don't give up this teaching people, I'll send you to a place of which you have never heard." Three other times when I was traveling, they took my books and did not return them.

It has not always been this way. There have been places where the priests, governors, and other officials have been friendly to the brethren and have not despised them because of their faith and their separation from the Greek Orthodox Church.

In some ways much of the work has been hindered, such as holding general conferences, sending out preachers and evangelists into other parts of Russia, and preaching openly in the streets and markets, as was done in the days of Alexander II.

On the other hand, the light of the truth is spreading throughout Russia year by year. As Satan made a mistake in causing the crucifixion of our Lord, so he has in this kingdom that he himself has ruined. When there was no persecution in Jerusalem, the Christians were free, but when persecution arose, they were scattered in every direction, taking the gospel with them. So it has been in Russia. Right here in Petersburg, where I have been for a month and a half, in this year 1892, nearly every evening there are prayer meetings in the homes of the evangelical Russians, who are counted peasants, and in the homes of the nobles, who are still firm in the religion of the Greek Church. One hundred to one hundred and fifty souls, hungry and thirsty for the Word of God, gather in these meetings.

If the Orthodox were all Stundists and Baptists, drunkenness, adultery, mobs, and opposition to the King would undoubtedly not be so frequent in Russia. How can those who make the gospel of Christ the rule of their lives be harmful to the kingdom? The gospel teaches not only love to one's neighbor but also to his enemies.

NOTE—Jacob Dilakoff died while on an evangelistic tour in Siberia in 1898. This translation of the story of his life was begun by Rev. Benajmin Labaree, D.D., and completed by Mrs. Mary Lewis Shedd more than thirty years later. Both were missionaries of the Presbyterian Mission in Persia.

Do not be thinking of how little you have to bring God, but of how much He wants to give you.
—*A. Murray.*

See your bankruptcy, and then you will find Christ an all-sufficient Saviour.—*W. B. Sloan.*

America As Seen By A Russian

By Alexander Dobrinin

MY READERS know that my main work among Russians, of late years, has been through my magazine, *Vernost*, which reaches Russian refugees in thirty-five different countries of the world, but, in addition to this work, the Lord has also called and enabled me to preach the glad tidings of the gospel to some of those who have come to this country from Russia. During the last few months, I again preached in the hall of the Russian Gospel Mission in Passaic, N. J., as well as in open air meetings. The Lord gave us wonderful services and we all drew nearer to God as we meditated upon His Word.

I also visited my Russian evangelical brethren in New York City, where I cooperate with a Russian brother, together with other brethren. In the early autumn, this brother arranged a special meeting in his Russian Evangelical Church to have reports given concerning Russia. The event was widely announced in the East Side (down town) of New York, and many varieties of people came to the meeting. There was really an "international" variety, such as is so common in New York. Our readers have probably heard about Thompkins Square in New York, which is sometimes ironically called the "Park of Trotzky," as it was from Thompkins Square that Trotzky came to Russia, to spread his revolutionary ideas and destroy our once happy country. Thompkins Square and Union Square in New York, are full of revolutionists. Not many Americans except the police know about this nest of "Reds" in America. From these places, also, people came to attend our meeting. There were many of the "intelligentsia," too, so that the room was packed with people. Not only were all the seats occupied, but people stood in the corridors and the aisles.

The meeting was a religious one, and we sang gospel hymns and prayed. It was not easy for Brother J—— and me to unite the gathering in one spirit, when there were gathered together representatives of different classes, different churches, and different political parties. I spoke for about an hour on the sufferings of the people in Russia under the rule of godless Communism, and I called upon the people to work with God, through Christ, for the elimination of this destructive godlessness. Before the meeting, we had feared that there might be a

Mr. Dobrinin Mrs. Dobrinin Leonid Dobrinin Miss Fedoroff Valentina Dobrinin
(Mrs. Dobrinin's Sister)

little trouble, but, on the contrary, there was unusual quietness and, as I spoke, some of the people gave vent to expressions of sympathy and appreciation. When I had finished talking, Brother J—— gave the crowd an opportunity to ask questions. The questions were all along Christian lines—our merciful God had created a good spiritual atmosphere. As a result of this meeting, some outsiders have begun to visit the regular services of the church and one soul seems very near to the kingdom of God.

A Russian Evangelical convention recently took place in New York and the brethren asked me to come and take part. With the Lord's help, I delivered eight sermons in the course of a few days. The convention was very well attended, the services taking place in two different halls. People from different denominations were present, among them being a minister of the old faith Orthodox Church and also a priest of the Greek Orthodox Church. Both seemed very attentive to the message. The presence of the Holy Spirit was very manifest and the people prayed very earnestly. We had a joyful baptismal service.

This fall, I was invited to another Russian convention, which was held in Toronto, Canada. I had refused previous invitations, as I did not feel that it was God's time to go, but this time I was led to accept.

Though I have been in America for several years, I still feel like a European, and perhaps my friends will be interested in learning the first impression of a Russian as he travels from one place to another in America. My Russian brethren took me in an auto. We had a really wonderful trip, with no trouble either way. In the Pocono mountains I was astonished to find a little town by the name of Moscow. Certainly there was nothing in common with Moscow in Russia, but the very name was sweet to my ear. In this American Moscow we happened to find a very cozy up-to-date restaurant, which we were glad to patronize.

The travel along the curves of mountains and hills was, as you Americans say, "awfully fascinating." There was no limit to my astonishment as I looked at some of the wonders of America. I was overwhelmed by the mines in the vicinity of Scranton and by the mountains of coal. Oil plants were a wonder to me, and I saw something I little expected to see in industrial America, a primitive way of drilling for oil. Just one man, who resembled a farmer, was busy with this "one-man industry." It reminded me of the work of peasants in the past. In former Russia, I had good positions in big oil and coal companies, so in these industries I am particularly interested. Promoters of the Bolshevistic regime are silent concerning the fact that oil production in Imperial Russia was at one time even larger than in the United States.

American towns have every convenience and attract the visitor, but there is quite a bit of monotony. Towns in America all seem to be of the same type—there is no variety. If you go to Europe or Russia, you will see that every city and every little town has its own peculiar coloring, which is much sought after by artists.

The conveniences in traveling cannot be surpassed anywhere, as one speeds rapidly over perfect highways, but there is no time to concentrate one's thoughts on the beauties of nature. Many things cannot be enjoyed because one is not able to grasp the details when passing so rapidly. Of course, those unpleasant conversations took place in our car that are common to all cars, namely, concerning accidents. Thirty-three thousand deaths a year! Hundreds of thousands of people hurt! In ten years you must have 330,000 deaths and millions of injured people. That is like a real continuous war in peaceful America! Our trip was most happy, yet we saw two wrecked autos as we sped along. However, everything sad is forgotten in the midst of so much that is beautiful and charming to the eye.

I was delighted with the restful beauty of the Finger Lakes. Sunrise and sunset and the glories of moonlight on the mountains all these took me back to the time when I lived nearer to nature. I specially enjoyed traveling by night, and it was most interesting to me when we lost our way in some kind of a wood, not knowing the road very well. I felt something of that sense of solitude which is so sorely lacking in America. I was reminded just a little of my trip through Lapland, with its wild reindeer and bears, to the Arctic regions. We are all of us adventurers by nature, and therefore we sometimes enjoy something out of the regular routine.

Our driver was a good one, but he was a little "spoiled" by American traffic. Some of us insisted

upon going 35 miles an hour, but he tried to steal ten miles on us and we often traveled 45 an hour. We sang our beloved Russian hymns and some in English, we prayed, events of former days were discussed, and our suffering Russia lay heavily upon our hearts.

A night in a tourist camp seemed original to me because of the simplicity in the relationships of the people. We were received as though we were old friends, and the kindliness went far beyond the small fee we paid. We left the place at four o'clock in the morning. Our hosts slept on! I could not understand how they trusted us so completely as to give us the freedom of their house. It was like the good old days. Where were the American bandits? Oh, how much good there is in America, after all!

Then came Niagara Falls. I had heard much and also read somewhat about this world-famed spot. Well, I did not find in Niagara Falls what I expected. To me it seemed rather slow. I compared it with Imatra Rapids in Finland, where Russians used to go in crowds when Finland belonged to Russia. I dare say that Imatra is perhaps five to ten times as rapid, and its noise, before it was utilized too much for electrical power, seemed to me to be ten times as great as that of Niagara. The narrow Imatra Rapids in their half-mile course take the traveler's breath. Niagara is different. It is certainly tremendously powerful, but it begins its course in a slow way. When I stood below the Falls, however, I enjoyed it to the full. I saw Niagara illuminated by artificial projectors and lights. Pardon me for saying it, but I did not greatly enjoy this addition of human invention to the sanctity of nature. Of course, I could not fully take in the wonders of the Falls, as I had no time to stay there.

On the Canadian border a pleasant treat awaited me. I was asked no questions about my papers and documents. I showed my paper from the car, which required only a minute. They were not even interested in my name, though I am not an American citizen. This is not like Europe at all. I had a blessed feeling of peace and was thankful for our good neighbor, Canada. I had traveled much in Europe and, in spite of having the best of papers from my government, was put to much inconvenience by the routine I had to go through on the border lines of countries both great and small.

When we reached the Toronto district in Canada, it looked so quiet with its plains and fields, no mountains being in sight. It reminded me of Russia, and my Russian soul enjoyed it more than the mountainous grandeur of American scenery. Toronto rested me. There was an air of simplicity about the orchards and farms, which did me good. The few towns in Canada which I saw, were very similar to those in America. The only difference is that the town people of Canada speak much about depression. They are very poor, indeed, and after being with them one does not feel much like talking about depression in America.

Our Russian Evangelical convention in Toronto was made up mostly of farmers. The people came from many different places. Most of them were readers of our Russian magazine and many of them came for the special purpose of becoming acquainted with its editor.

Our meetings were overcrowded. There was not enough seating place in the regular Russian church, so we held the services in another hall, which was larger. I preached a number of times, as did also the other brother. In addition to the regular preaching services, we guest preachers were asked many questions along the line of practical Christianity. Answering these questions was more difficult than preaching.

I was struck by the dangerous development of Communism. One sees many bills displayed announcing lectures and shows in the theatre, all of which tend to influence the Slavonic immigrants toward Communism. The atmosphere was so tense that there was even a rumor, at least among the immigrants, that during that very week a revolution would break out similar to that in Soviet Russia. This was of course an exaggeration, but this mood among the immigrants is very characteristic.

We held one street meeting. With other brethren, I preached to a crowd of about 300 people. Many of them were greatly interested in our testimony, but there were many Communists present who denounced us with very bad words spoken in broken Russian. One of the brethren who spoke after me was almost not permitted to continue his sermon.

In the East Side (down town) of New York, in America, and on West Queen Street in Toronto, Canada, I saw a great need for missionary and edu-

cational work. There are wild crowds, many people of whom came illegally to America and Canada from the farthest interior of Russia, and these elements provide good soil for Communistic propaganda. We Russian evangelical Christians do a little evangelistic work among these people, but we are greatly limited by lack of means. We are not able to rent halls or do much traveling. For instance, our Russian evangelical church in Toronto, in a communistic center, is having a hard struggle to maintain their church, so they certainly have little money to use for travel or to invite brethren from a distance to come and cooperate with them.

All our services in Toronto were very enthusiastic. The prayers were earnest, the singing was spirited, and the Lord made His presence so manifest that sinners came to Him in deep repentance.

DIFFICULTIES OF A MISSIONARY

By Fred Stettler

(Poland)

HOW would you feel if you had obligations to meet on every hand, even at the grocery store, and you lived for several weeks in constant fear lest somebody might bring you another bill for electricity or rent, and then, just when you felt gloomy and distressed, the mail-man would drop in and hand you a letter which you knew contained a monthly allowance, which you perhaps had no right to expect but which, nevertheless, was being sent to you by mindful friends? What a grand and glorious feeling! Well, that's about the way we have often felt, but especially so yesterday. So let us thank you and every friend who did not forget us. We daily thank and praise God for every donor and for the offerings which, humanly speaking, have kept us on the field.

One of the most striking things that a foreigner notices upon coming East is the poverty which is apparent everywhere. Some weeks ago I was obliged to make a short journey. I was unable to get a 100-Zloty bill ($20) cashed anywhere. In the trolley car the conductor smiled at me as though I were "nutty." He bade me get off the car because I had no small change. Thus I was obliged to run for my train. Every effort to get the money cashed in a store was answered with a pitiful smile, as though they had not seen any such bill for a long, long time. In running, the hands of my watch moved faster than my legs so that my train pulled out before I got there. With a small delay of five hours, I finally reached my destination. Today I stayed home specially to cash my check, which had made us so happy and bubbling over with praise to God. I went to the branch of the Polish Bank to have it cashed. The clerk in this city has probably rarely, if ever, seen a check from the Corn Exchange Bank of New York and he studied it for a long time. He finally found words to tell me that I would have to wait five weeks for the money, as they must wait till the check goes to New York and is accepted. I found myself somewhat nonplused and took it back to have it sent to Lodz to be cashed. Thus I trust I shall be able to pay all my obligations within a week.

We Christian workers are having a week of prayer. Tomorrow I shall travel about sixty miles on my bicycle to get to the meeting. We are so glad that the weather has changed somewhat. During the wet season it was almost impossible to ride the wheel to meetings. The roads are usually in a fearful condition, and mud and mire often compel me to walk miles and miles, pushing the wheel. It often occurs to me that Christian workers need the Holy Spirit in order to get through it all, and not mere enthusiasm. That wears off pretty quickly in the wear and grind of the daily toil.

When we came here, we started work in four meetings, one of them, among German Evangelical Christians, being about the largest in the country. We started one meeting in our home and this is being held weekly on Sunday evenings. Since we came, the attendance has trebled and there are hopeful signs of an awakening among the young people. We are glad to report these encouragements and are confident that the Lord has only commenced to show what He is willing to do when we let ourselves be used.

With the exception of coughs and colds, we are all happy and well. This section of the country seems pretty cold. There is no ice, yet it is so cold that we can hardly sit in the kitchen where there is fire nearly all day. We are burning peatcutting, which is the cheapest material for firing used here.

Confident of your further prayer interest, we commit you and all the friends to God.

"He Came Unto His Own, But—"

By J. Wladysiuk (Poland)

NOT long ago I met a Jewish woman, with whom I had a blessed conversation about her Messiah. Trying to evade the conversation about our blessed Lord Jesus Christ, she said to me:

"Your Messiah has come already, but our Messiah has not come yet. He will come in the future."

"How may Creators are there?" I asked her, trying to win my point.

"There is only one God, the Creator," she said.

"And how many earths did God create?"

"Only one," she answered.

"How many men and women did God create in the beginning?" I asked her again.

"Only one man and one woman," she answered.

Then, having prepared the ground, I asked her:

"How many Messiahs did God promise to send upon this one earth?"

"I do not know," she said, "but I think that God promised to send just one Messiah."

"Yes," I said to her, "God promised and sent only one Messiah, but the Jews rejected Him, as it is written in John 1: 11: 'He came unto His own, and His own received Him not.'" Then I told her the following story:

Certain parents had only one son. They put forth every effort to educate him. After hard labor and much patience, they reached their goal—their son received the diploma of Doctor of Medicine.

After graduation, he settled in a large town and engaged in practicing his profession. When his father died, his mother wrote him a letter:

"My dear Son, your old father, who put forth so much effort to educate you, has died. Please come at this sorrowful hour."

The son, having read the letter, said to himself, "He deserves nothing better," and did not go to his father's funeral.

His mother was left a helpless widow. She wrote another letter to her son, saying:

"My dear Son, I am your mother and have no one to take care of me. Please send me some money for a ticket and I will come to you, because I have no one here with whom I can spend my old age."

But the son said to himself, "I have no need of you," and did not even answer her letter.

The mother waited a long time for a letter from her son, but in vain. At last, she decided to start out on foot to take the long journey. With great difficulty, she reached the town where her son lived. She came to the house very early in the morning and knocked at the door. The maid-servant went out and told her that the doctor was still in bed. The old woman asked the maid to let her go into the kitchen and warm herself and take a little rest after her long journey. She was allowed to go in and sit in the kitchen.

After a while the old woman asked the maid to take her to the room where the young doctor was sleeping, but the girl refused. When the maid went out to the grocery store to buy something for breakfast, the old woman went very quietly to the sleeping room of her son. She could not look at him with indifference—the mother love was burning in her heart. She came near to him and kissed his outstretched hand. The doctor, feeling that someone had touched him, opened his eyes and began to scold the old woman. She turned to him and said, "My dear son, do you not know me? I am your mother." But the doctor began to curse her and cast her out of the room.

The broken-hearted old woman went to the kitchen, took a piece of paper, and wrote the following words: "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not" (John 1: 11). Handing it to the maid-servant, she said, "When the doctor arises from his bed, please give it to him." Then she went out into the street.

When the doctor began his work for the day, the maid handed him the little note, saying, "That old woman left you this note." The doctor, with anger in his heart, took the note and read it and then stopped to think about it. He resumed his work, but his conscience troubled him. A voice kept saying to him, "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." He began to write a prescription for a patient, but he could not do it, for the words, "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not," were ringing in his ears. Then

the young doctor, being accused by his own conscience, ran into the kitchen and asked the servant, "Where is the old woman?" "She went out into the street," said the maid, "but I do not know where."

The doctor rushed out into the street and began to inquire of passers-by whether they had seen the woman. For two days he searched for her, but all in vain. On the third day, he came to a certain village and met a great crowd of people. He asked them whether they had not seen an old woman walking from the town. They told him that she had come to their village the day before but had died from a broken heart and now they were returning from the cemetery where they had buried her. The doctor asked to be taken to the grave of his mother, but it was too late to see her face and hear her voice.

Hearing this story, the Jewish woman began to sob like a little child. I told her the same thing would happen to the Jews who reject Jesus Christ, who did so much for their salvation. She was so convinced of the truth of what I told her that she took my name and addresss and promised to come to my house, bringing her grand-daughter with her, that she too might learn about the Messiah. Please pray for me and for the work among the Jews.

FRUITFUL TRACT MINISTRY

By Charles Lukesh

(Czechoslovakia)

I MUST tear myself away from other important things to give you a report of our tract work. We trust some of these letters will be inspiring enough to show you the importance of the work and lead you to support it.

One of these letters is from an old teacher of mine in Texas. We came in contact again after many years of separation, and he tells me about some of my fellow students. Some have dropped out of sight altogether, some have turned modernist, and perhaps the least hopeful of all his students has now the satisfaction of hearing from his seventy-year-old teacher, "Your tracts are very suitable for distribution." Remembering his favorite saying, "You can't fool an old sparrow with chaff," I estimate his opinion of the tracts. Indeed, this aged brother is not satisfied with the inactivity of pensioned life but is doing colportage work in Nebraska and says if it were possible for him to come over he would still put in some years of active work in his old homeland. He appreciates the fact that our place of working is possibly the hardest in this country, it being an old fortress of Romanism.

The next letter is from a building supervisor, who in time of unemployment distributes tracts in Prague from door to door. He mentions various experiences, which are all the more interesting when we remember that only ten years ago he himself was an enemy of the Word of God and its followers. Now he gladly suffers hardship and persecution for that which he formerly scorned. His parents cast him off for "putting them to shame" with his conversion from the Catholic faith, but now they gladly read the Bible he gave them. He has asked for a larger supply of tracts, as there will be a big festival of the Romanists there soon. When he has work, he sends some money for the tract work, but he is able to distribute more tracts when he does not have work. He is a good colporteur without pay.

J. V. writes he found the tracts to be such good food for himself that he wants to serve others with the same. J. S. is a salesman of vacuum cleaners, electric washing machines, etc., and recommends soul hygiene as well as hygienic living conditions. "People look at me open-mouthed," he says, "when they see a drummer talking of things divine. Even though they have no money to buy, I can give them free advice and some tracts, and though I get no business, I go on rejoicing." Does it pay to supply such workers with tracts, even though they cannot pay for them in full?

J. R., a colporteur in Jugoslavia, prays for God's blessing on the editing and spreading of the tracts. A. D., a stationery and book seller in Jugoslavia, asks for all numbers this year and wants to be sure he gets all of them.

A. B., in Zurich, Switzerland, asks especially for tracts on Romanism, which he wants to use in helping others. He claims the promise of God's Word that our work will not be in vain. That is our hope and ground of rejoicing.

An interesting letter from R. P. tells how he tried to evade the message of the Word of God, ra her going hungry than to enter a house in which he suspected there might be a messenger of God's love, who would speak to him about his soul. Now he

(*Continued on page 24*)

Busy Days In His Service

By Mrs. Paulina Nikoff

WE ARE living in a most changeable epoch. The things which yesterday were solid, today are powerless, even dead. No one is sure of the next moment—everything is in a state of crisis. Where shall we go for rest and certainty? Only in the sublime truth of the unfailing, unchangeable care of God do we find assurance and peace. Therefore, our greatest need at present is to have a more child-like faith in Him. We shall then be free from all anxious care and live in restful fellowship with Him.

The whole outlook of the Bulgarian people has been changed in a short period of time. The present policy of the country is entirely different from what it used to be. The government is new; the old constitution is changed to a new and more modern one, with new laws, some of which are up-to-date and better, while others are narrow and sectarian, aiming to destroy all foreign faiths and churches which for years and years have most faithfully sown the blessed gospel seed in Bulgaria. On account of this new national and religious policy, our annual church conference, which was to be held in the month of October, was forbidden by the government. The annual convention of the Women's Missionary Union could not be held, either. This was a great disappointment to us all, for it hindered the entire work. We do hope, however, that in the near future the necessary permission will be granted. Pray for us in these new conditions. There are many obstacles, and even some persecution. May the Lord mightily manifest His power! All things are possible for Him. May we glorify His name in all things and be willing even to suffer for Him!

In spite of these obstacles and difficulties, there is great spiritual hunger among the people. Our work in Krasno-selo, near Sofia, is going on beautifully. We have a meeting there every Tuesday afternoon, and this year a new enthusiasm has prevailed among the women who attend. They come regularly and promptly to the meetings, always bringing some new people to listen, and we get real blessing out of the happy spiritual fellowship that exists among us.

The women love these meetings. Almost every week someone says to me: "I could not give up this meeting for anything." Many of them come a great distance, no matter what the weather may be. Two ladies come from two different villages near Krasno-selo. Another beautiful Christian soul, the mother of several children, comes from the city to attend the meetings. She is poor and does not have money for carfare, so she walks to the meeting each time. One young girl works in a stocking factory. She comes from her daily toil, after working eight hours, hungry and tired, but happy in the Lord. After the meeting she goes home and has her lunch and dinner together. She is a lovely Christian girl, with strong character and influence. Let us give all thanks to the Lord for His wonderful blessing on this work.

On Wednesday I have another meeting, in one of the sections of our city. This work is new. Last week we had twenty Greek Pravoslav women out

Mrs. Nikoff in Native Costume

to the meeting. Both the room and the hall were filled with educated women, young and middle-aged. I took for my Scripture lesson the 15th chapter of John. The Spirit of God moved upon many hearts. Oh, what joy it gives me to see sinners come to the Lord! Pray for this new work. May God give us a great harvest for His kingdom!

Thursday is our church missionary meeting. The society has done a wonderful work. It has been a most valuable help to the church, especially to the minister. The society has held prayer meetings, mothers' meetings, and missionary meetings; it has arranged a missionary sale and all kinds of Christian social hours, in which Christ's spirit has been manifest. Many, indeed, are the Christian activities of the Women's Society, which helps to keep the spiritual life of the church on a high plane. This work takes much of my time, as I plan all the programs and activities, but it pays richly.

Friday is my Christian Temperance day. I do visitation and personal work with many souls, some of whom have asked for an interview while others have not. Once a month, on that day, we have our Christian Temperance meeting, with notable speakers. Through this society, I come in touch with Greek Orthodox men and women, who need not only temperance but the gospel. Here are rich possibilities for wonderful personal work. Thank God!

I have tried to give you a slight idea of my regular work during these four days of each week. To all these meetings and the preparation that goes with them, add the many different sessions of the various committees of our Protestant organization, which come in between, and you will have some idea of my busy life. But I have great joy in my work and God is very merciful to me. May God bless us all and enable us, by His Holy Spirit, to work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work. May the Child of Bethlehem give us a new heart and a new zeal for His work! Happy Christmas to all!

God never leaves His child to fail when in the path of obedience.—*Selected.*

The hours of this present life are the ages in embryo of the life to come.—*A. J. Gordon.*

FRUITFUL TRACT MINISTRY

(*Continued from page 22*)

rejoices in salvation and tries to do some colportage work, in spite of many difficulties.

J. Z. is another salesman who is zealous in spreading the good message of salvation while traveling over half of Bohemia, the sphere of his activity in business. He says he has special opportunities to testify while travelling on trains, and gives addresses of others who are also interested in giving out the testimony.

Dr. Juk has written to us again, saying our tracts have helped him in the Lord's work and he wants more sent to him.

J. R. asked for a full set of tracts and later sent for more, saying that we were to be sure not to forget to send them. On my questioning who he is and what he uses them for, he replied that he had been a faithful Sabbatist and for three years had done colportage work for that "ism," until he met a lady who showed him his error. Now he rejoices in real salvation and writes, "Your paper also helped me into full light."

An interesting letter from another salesman, F. S., states that he likes to use our tracts as he travels from place to place. He describes his conversion thus: "I felt as one facing the gallows until I grasped the meaning of what it meant to be saved by grace alone."

Permit us to say humbly that we are trying to do the work of at least three couples, for the above excerpts are only a few out of many that might be given. In addition to the tract ministry, we have our local work, with its eight gospel meetings weekly as well as the extension work. With deep sorrow we see much left undone, much undermined by the enemy which has been done at great sacrifice, and our progress hindered by lack of means.

Pray for us in all these phases of our ministry.

"How glad I was to see the little HARVEST FIELD again, the other day. I miss it very much through the summer—it is so interesting and inspiring. I wish I had a million, to be able to give to the work over there all that my heart dictates. I am enclosing a small check, however, that will help a little, here and there."

Statement of Receipts for September and October (in part), 1935

Receipt No.	Amount	Receipt No.	Amount	Receipt No.	Amount
16338	25.00	16585	5.00	16628	1.00
16339	25.00	16586	5.00	16629	1.00
16340	10.00	16587	15.00	16630	5.00
16341	5.00	16588	50.00	16631	5.00
16342	21.21	16589	10.00	16632	11.05
16343	5.00	16590	5.00	16633	5.00
16344	40.00	16591	10.00	16634	40.00
16345	25.00	16592	50.00	16635	25.00
16346	1.00	16593	20.00	16636	15.00
16347	1.00	16594	5.00	16637	30.00
16348	1.00	16595	5.00	16638	5.00
16349	1.00	16596	5.00	16639	5.00
16350	2.00	16597	10.00	16640	2.00
16351	5.00	16598	2.00	16641	10.00
16352	75.00	16599	3.00	16642	1.25
16353	5.00	16600	5.00	16643	5.00
16354	2.00	16601	5.00	16644	2.00
16355	5.00	16602	15.00	16645	21.61
16356	9.90	16603	5.00	16646	15.00
16357	52.00	16604	51.00	16647	10.00
16358	6.00	16605	25.00	16648	25.00
16359	100.00	16606	1.00	16649	52.00
16360	10.00	16607	1.50	16650	1.00
16361	10.00	16608	2.25	16651	1.00
16362	5.00	16609	12.63	16652	5.00
16363	66.00	16610	12.00	16653	25.00
16364	1.00	16611	20.00	16654	10.00
16365	30.00	16612	5.00	16655	10.00
16366	2.00	16613	100.00	16656	10.00
16367	75.00	16614	1.00	16657	5.00
16368	2.50	16615	10.00	16658	2.51
16369	3.00	16616	5.00	16659	30.00
16370	.50	16617	1.00	16660	75.00
16371	2.00	16618	5.00	16661	10.00
16372	1.00	16619	1.00	16662	5.00
16373	20.00	16620	1.00	16663	20.00
16374	6.25	16621	5.00	16664	15.00
16375	5.00	16622	200.00	16665	3.00
16376	2.00	16623	5.00	16666	30.00
16377	1.00	Of this amount $6.00		16667	5.00
16378	5.00	is for The European		16668	17.38
16379	35.00	Harvest Field.		16669	3.50
16380	15.00			16670	5.00
16381	7.00	16624	$100.00	16671	.25
16382	30.00	16625	3.42	16672	.25
16383	20.00	16626	6.00	16673	18.17
16384	10.00	16627	1.00	16674	1.00

"HOPELESS—YET THERE IS HOPE"

Is the title of the new book by Dr. A. C. Gaebelein. A graphic resume of world conditions and the only way of real and lasting recovery. One Dollar ($1.00) postpaid. Order from Fellowship Office.